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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



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FEBRUARY, 1904.

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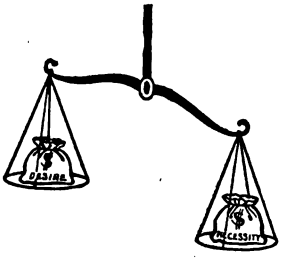
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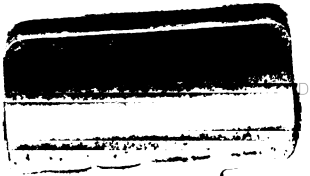


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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Sixty-Ninth Volume with the number for October, 1903. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

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YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXIX. FEBRUARY, 1904 NO. 5

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1904.

GERALD CHITTENDEN. CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH.

HORATIO FORD. ALEXANDER GORDON.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

AFTER US—WHAT?

ALMOST from the beginning there have been at Yale some clubs or societies to which Freshmen could belong, or which, by bringing them into contact with upper classmen, exercised over them some influence and restraint. When the Sophomore societies were abolished, this influence was taken away; for the present system of elections to the Sophomore-Junior fraternities takes no acccount of the entering class. As a consequence, there is little, save a much larger license, to distinguish the first year at Yale from the last year at school. A Freshman cannot realize any intimate connection with the university at large. He generally lives on York Street; he has his own resorts, to which upper classmen seldom go, and very soon comes to think that the other three classes know little and care less about him or his actions. Add to this that he has, in most cases, come from a preparatory school where the last year is in reality quite as narrow and strict as the first, and you have a combination of circumstances that may spell ruin to a weak man. Moreover, there is little unity in the class itself before the spring

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term, and there is, consequently, no class public opinion to take the place of upper-class restraint. If we believe the statements of men who were in college both before and after the renaissance of 1901, we may take it for a fact that there used to be far less dissipation of all kinds in Freshman year than there now is. Be it understood that Yale never was, and let us pray never will be, a congregation of self-satisfied prigs, but the moral tone in general was more healthy. Simply on moral grounds, then, something ought to be done to unite the entering class more closely with the rest of the college. For other reasons, too, this consummation is devoutly to be wished. No sane man attempts to uphold the idea that the life of college should centre in the class-room alone. Freshman year is, to most, a time of utter loneliness. The class is in a constant state of aimless unrest; friendships are apt to be more a matter of propinquity in classroom and dormitory than of suitability and consonance of tastes, and life in all its phases is too uncertain to be pleasant. Any reform that would tend to make this first year less chaotic would surely make it more agreeable, and would therefore be welcomed. There are two objects to be attained. First, the bringing together of the Freshman class into a body as homogeneous as possible; second, the formation of some closer tie between it and the University. A man should, for obvious reasons, know his own class as soon as possible, and as well as possible; but in doing this he should not be allowed to forget that Yale and Yale traditions are the important and fundamental things. He will come to know this when he realizes that he and his class are factors of Yale life, and not before; wherefore, this realization should be brought home to him as soon as practicable after his arrival in New Haven.

The principal objection to the present system is that under it the first elections to the fraternities come too late. It may be said that this gives men who might earlier have been overlooked, time to develop. But it also puts Freshman year in about the same relation to the other three that the vermiform

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appendix bears to the human body; useless, and not ornamental. The prospect of election to one of these fraternities is too remote, and for this reason, to their detriment, many men do not think about it at all. This essay does not attempt to maintain that men, to be considered eligible for social honors, should be utterly without reproach; it is equally far from its purpose to state that, simply and solely for the sake of an election to any society a man should modify his course of life (and "sport" as much as ever after he has secured such an election). But it does say that the fraternities can, and in every year but the first do, exercise a good influence upon Yale life. With all its faults, the old system extended this influence over Freshman year; and, whatever its virtues may be, the new system certainly does not. Moreover, it is in Freshman year that such restraint is most important, for at that time many men lack that sense of the just proportion of things which they afterwards acquire, and follow leaders who later lose their leadership.

Various remedies for this state of affairs have been proposed. Last year, calling upon Freshmen by members of the fraternities was tried and found wanting. The re-establishment of the old Sophomore societies has been considered. In these societies there was a degree of good fellowship which has not been attained since their abolition in any organization designed to take their place; their elections, in most cases, were just; their influence was good and their ideals broad, but, like all good things, they developed faults as glaring as their virtues were commendable. Sometimes a man got into them on account of a preparatory school reputation, and did not afterwards make good his claim to honors that came his way. Often, too, a first class man was passed over because his qualities did not challenge attention. The total number of members in the three Sophomore societies was only fifty-one—large enough in a poor or even in an average class, but far too small in a good one. It is indeed true that, in most cases, the unworthy men taken and the worthy ones left out sank or rose to their proper

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levels; but it is equally true that sometimes they did not. We are forced to admit, somewhat against our will, that such cases were numerous enough to warrant the extinction of the societies. With them went what was perhaps one of the best influences, and was certainly, to the successful, one of the pleasantest influences in Yale life. Peace to their ashes!

Freshman clubs, formed somewhat after the plan of the old Freshman societies, and including in their membership every man in the class, have been suggested as a remedy for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs. Even if they had not been abolished, we are inclined to believe that the Freshman societies of twenty years ago were in the course of ultimate extinction. The classes were growing too large for them. That all, or most, of the strongest men in the entering classes would eventually have gone to one society is not an improbable conjecture. If this were the case, the old idea that the society which initiated the most men, without regard to quality, was the successful society, would gradually have been abandoned; and in a few years the structure of the old system would have been destroyed, both by the force of interclub jealousy, and by the interference of graduates. Yet, unless the so-called "pyramid system" could include all or nearly all of the Freshman class, it would be likely to make hideous and fatal mistakes. If a good man were left out of the first societies, his chance of future success would be very slim indeed.

Nothing permanent can spring full-armed from the head of theory; no man or body of men can say, "Let there be a society system," and expect that system to succeed. Every Yale institution is a growth, and, whatever the method adopted for making the Freshman class a coherent whole, room must be left for growth and change. Some modification of the above mentioned Freshman club scheme seems to offer the best solution of the problem. The University Club is doing its best to solve it along these lines, but the dues are likely to remain prohibitory for a long time to come. Moreover, it is a question whether the club can ever

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fill the bill. What is most needed is the solidification of the class in itself; if this could be accomplished, closer union with the University would come of itself, if upper classmen went occasionally to the meetings of the Freshman organization.

In projecting such an organization, it is necessary to make the meetings interesting, and to prevent them from degenerating into beer-games. In the constitution of every Yale society, provision was made for literary exercises. Where these have been dropped, an element of pleasure and interest has been taken away. It is true that there is now a sentiment in college against this sort of thing, but it is a senseless prejudice, founded upon the fallacy that it is impossible to combine moderate work with pleasure. Let there be, then, in this ideal Freshman club of ours, literary exercises of one sort or another; humorous or serious, or both. This would furnish an interest, and bring to the fore men who had ability. It is a scheme which is successfully working in the Pundits, and to a certain extent, in the German and French clubs. There is no reason why it should not be equally successful in a larger club. As to the method of forming this club, the following seems to possess merit: let a committee of Sophomores be appointed by the Senior class, and let them choose, say thirty Freshmen, to form a nucleus for the organization. Let these members of the two classes draw up a constitution, publish it in the "News" and call a meeting of the Freshman class in some place to be later decided upon (but the nearer to college the better), and proceed to the election of officers, who shall immediately assign literary work for the next meeting. If this one organization should prove unwieldy, divide it into two or three, but have it understood that there is to be nothing secret about them. A few upper classmen should attend each of the first four or five meetings. After the literary session have a social session, informal, and lasting as long as possible.

The place of these meetings is a matter more difficult to decide. If possible, it might be better not to have anything

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to drink, but if it should turn out to be necessary excess would not be unavoidable. If enthusiasm for the welfare of the clubs could be aroused, public opinion would prevent excessive drinking.

This essay has not attempted to do more than recapitulate the faults and limitations of the present system, show the necessity for reform of some sort, review the methods proposed by various men in touch with undergraduate life, and endeavor to pick out the least faulty of these. The author believes that there is a tendency toward reform. If this statement of facts can hasten the end ever so little, it will have accomplished its purpose.

Gerald Chittenden.

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OVER THE PASS INTO FIVE.

THEY were proud of Alexander Asher in the old school—proud of him, from the lower formers who wrote home to their mothers of his fame, up to the Rector who had him to fabulous dinners in the rectory, when a trustee or a senator visited the school. They were proud of him partly because he was a man, a crew captain, and a hero; but most of all because they called him a genius. Up in the library, near the choir room, even now they have his logarithm tables and a problem or two in a glass case, in between the founder's autograph and a collection of birds' eggs. For Alexander Asher knew all there was to be learned at the school, of figures, symbols and the things that are built on them. The younger masters, who were only just returned from college, unpacked their Freshman text-books and toiled over his questions long after "lights out" had winked in the dormitory aisles, and the bearded men, who had grown venerable in their desks, were wise in class and did not recognize his hand. When the Venture Company of the South, that managed cables, canals and natives somewheres in the Andes, offered to the school a scholarship in mathematics, the donation went to Asher first without question. Moreover, when death took the hero's father, who lived somewhere in a western mining camp—only the Rector had it at his tongue's end—the boy was made a ward of this same great organization, and he came back to school with the halo of a South American engineer already about his brows. If all its investments were wise as this, the masters hinted conservatively, the Venture Company's reputation was secure.

The school laurels, the loss of his only parent, the adoption into the current of success, came and went to Asher First as they should to a healthy schoolboy. Only one thing troubled his heart when the Rector laid an approving hand upon his head, and that was a thing which could not be explained, even to the friends nearest to him. It was strange

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and yet so simple that he wondered sometimes why the masters did not guess, or why every one did not have the thing for himself. The origin of it all was lost in the dim haze of his early years in the mountain town—the beginning of the Land of Numbers whereon, he knew, was built all his present greatness and the hopes of to-morrow. Not that the great mathematical principles were based on mere figures, but these were the key to the understanding of all abstract terms, of ergs, of volts, and pressure laws. Year after year the valleys and ways of the Land had grown clearer, and though he knew no one else could find treasure in its by-ways, he had stored up the jewels of its worth among its passes. It is perfectly clear when one knows the road. First one goes straight north, in a broad valley, and here are all the 'ones' in the world, the units and every relation of them, fastened in great terraces along the valley. The path to House of Two lies west, where a stream is white in the narrow cleft between the parallel valleys. The path leads up this other valley to the north, until the House is reached, and the great hall beside the entrance, that is walled with 'twos' and all multiples and divisions of it that the mind can conceive, hung each in a frame along the sides. At the other end of the Hall a vestibule is entered, hung with little girls' bonnets on hooks in a row, and still beyond is a school room, where are all the 'threes,' in great white figures upon endless blackboards. So on and on, from the House into a field of 'fours,' like the ears upon corn-stalks, and from there under the mountain cave into the Valley of Five, where the great snow cross is set upon the mountain peak,—always the path leads north or northwest, through six, and the rest, up to a blind cañon that has no escape, and where is the abode of Nine. If one wishes to know anything in the world about a number, one need only go to the place of it, and the thing is there.

The boy could not explain this to the masters. How could they understand that one must go through each valley in turn, even to the last step, before one could find the secrets

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of any number, yet that once there all the knowledge ever learned was written upon the cliffs, or on the tree trunks? How could he explain all this, when most of it was a mystery to himself? Some of the strange topography, it is true, he could find a meaning in. The Hall of Two, for example, was connected in some dim way with an old picture of an ancestral portrait gallery, with a genealogy of two and two extended into the past. Seven, also, where the figures were written black upon snow, was connected with a half-forgotten accident on a railroad, where seven dead bodies had been laid in a snow-drift in a row. Most of all, was Five traced to a source. For, long ago, he could remember learning the elementary tables of five with a little girl, under the peak that is marked with the white cross. Together, after school, they had studied the multiples, writing them over and over upon the white wood of the pines, shaved with a knife. The Valley of Five was dear to him above all others, the high pass where he first saw the pines and the crossed peak, the little girl in gingham who was waiting among the trees, and the last turn of the trail to Six. These were the things that Alexander Asher could not explain. These were the deeps from which his clear powers sprang.

In due time the last days with the old school came to pass. The boat races came and went, and relatives, sisters, mothers and fathers gathered for the Last Night exercises. In the sister of a lower scholar, Asher the Great recognized the glance of two familiar eyes, and startled the little cropped head of Norman, Minimus, into proud ecstasy by striding in among a noisy ring and firing question after question at the boy. The boy was as intelligent as might be expected before the thunder of an Olympian,—the Olympian. Yes, they had lived in the West once, but that was before he was born. His sister's name was Jean. Did Asher need a messenger to the gym? The lad was left abruptly and with proper sixth form dignity, to run and rehearse his story to unbelieving fellows in the Lower Grounds.

Asher searched out a classmate who knew the Jean in

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question. He met her, danced with her, spoke straight at her in the prize oration, and reminded her of less luxurious days in a mining camp. A stout mother pretended to recognize him, spoke sparingly of the early western town, and called him Alexander. The lower scholars came to drown the bell for prayers with a roar of scandal in Olympus, and Asher First went out from school.

In college he did the things one ought to do, still under the auspices of the daily greater company of the South, and still carried scholarships and prizes in mathematics, sure in deep confidence of the Land of Numbers. He came to know the lower scholar's sister better as the years went on, and when he entered the technical school, the stout mother who forgot the old life in a cabin, investigated volumes on South American society and climates. So finally it came about that Alexander Asher was a man of the sort his father, buried by the mountains, had worked for, and that a sweet girl, grown out of gingham now, was proud to claim before her friends. The Venture Company announced that competitive examinations would be held for young men to build bridges, cables and canals, and it was suggested that this man was ready for the trial.

The night before the examination, Asher quit a tangle of steel tests, truss forms and pressure distributions, boyishly put a faded crew-cap on the back of his head and strode uptown at a brisk pace. He passed by a well known house, and hesitated at the door. Then he rang the bell and asked—demanded—to see Miss Jean. He pushed past the maid into the hall and said he would wait. The maid was a recent addition. She was not familiar with Asher and irritated by his intrusion. She announced to Jean that there was a man downstairs to see her. He spoke rudely and had a cap. The girl was disappointed. She had hoped that Asher would come. It was the last night before they sailed for abroad, and now he was not coming. Jean did not reason. If she had, Alexander Asher would never have been attracted to her, would never have built the Valley of Five about her as a

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boy, or made her now so great a sharer in his hopes. She ordered the maid to announce that no one was at home, and Asher heard her voice. He explained to the maid who he was, and the maid lied. He took his cap in his hand, all his enthusiasm gone, and he went out of the door. Where he walked he did not care, for a sea of doubt and question was surging in his head. When the lights were dark in the street, he wandered back, half-convinced that a mistake hung somewhere. Then he realized the strain of to-morrow, and went back to his work with the purpose gone out of it. He picked up the texts and shifted the light. At the first instance, in search of a multiple, he plodded up the valley of one, though two, three and four—and came to a stop at the pass into Five. Nothing was distinct. The picture in his memory was gone, and a confused chaos of pines and peaks, without a center, defied his efforts at concentration. For hours Asher bent over the books, with his eyes gazing straight before him, struggling to make something out of nothing in the Valley of Five. He dropped asleep as he struggled with memory. When the sunlight woke him, the chaos beyond that pass to the northwest was gone, and nothing remained. Dazed and convinced that all was empty for to-morrow, he failed the examinations because he could not multiply the fingers on his hand. His faculties were adrift and in the exhaustion of the struggle the minor importance of the cause of it was forgotten, as the condition became accepted as final. There was no wavering of his senses, but the purpose of a future and the future itself had been wrecked together. He neither saw the steamer sail or held any further communication with the organization to whom he owed so much.

For some weeks the time drifted carelessly and recklessly away. With the relief from immediate strain, reason showed Asher clearly that there might be only a mistake behind the catastrophe, but he could not persuade himself to believe this. The Valley of Five was still utterly lost. Naturally the girl had been hurt by his negligence, in offering no word

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of farewell. She wrote nothing, but waited. Meantime, the realization of his position—his unexplainable position—was forced upon the young man. There was only one escape from actual want. Through a friend, Asher tried the expedient of reporting. It was only partly a success, even after experience had begun to teach, inasmuch as his heart was not in it. Even when he accomplished the work, an almost elementary ignorance of numbers would surprise the city editor, and produce a sharp rebuke. There seemed no possibility of ever summoning the great store of treasure, or even the simplest essentials beyond the pass into Five. So guessing wildly at mathematical questions, he missed wildly. Hour after hour he would follow the strange path of recollection up the wide plain, between the cliffs of One, through the shadow of the cleft, and at last into that Hall of Two, and the blackboards beyond it. Then the paths led up through the grain to the Field of Four, one after another in regular order. He could climb the pass beyond, but at the top there was nothing more. No one in the world but Asher the Tired, once Asher the Great, could explore these hills. Even Jean had never known,—girlish, happy, she could not understand.

Sometimes a news item would mention her name, but months went by without a word. One night the city editor turned around in his chair and implored some one to calculate a square root in the wheat forecasts. Asher, known as the most ignorant man in the force, told him without moving his eyes. The number happened to require no journey beyond the Pass. The next morning the issue printed several gross errors in election returns, and the editor traced them to Asher. He was discharged. For some time, the ranks of free-lances gave him bread and butter, but enterprise was lacking in his work and he surrendered. He worked his way West, sometimes as a section hand, and visited the mountains about his home. After wandering back again, he obtained the commission to report specially the speech of the President, to be made during anni-

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versary exercises at his old school. It was nearly a year since the door had closed between Asher and Jean.

The President of the United States spoke after dark in the lawn before the chapel, and among the colored lanterns was seated a host of boys and visitors. The Rector, a little balder and more solemn than he used to be, read the traditional school prayer for great occasions, that Asher knew by heart like the boys in front of him. Those near the terrace where the speakers sat, knelt with the boys in the grass. Asher was in the dark shade of the chapel, shirking recognition, and he, too, knelt with a quiet sense of surrender to olden habit. There were two or three figures kneeling near him in the shadow. When the amen came across the lawn they rose, and shifted past him.

"Those people up there don't own the school like we do, or they wouldn't stand up," said the man's voice to the girl.

"I don't know. I feel as if I had lost it a little now," came through the shadow. "Never mind. Let me walk around to mother." The figures separated. The girl was left alone for a moment. Then the reporter was at her side. Perhaps he was seeking an interview.

The President was in a long peroration concerning a "greater democracy with a greater manhood," when Asher and Jean returned into the area of lanterns. That speech was never reported.

"Think," she wondered. "It's five years since we've been here." He did not answer for a moment. He was in the land of Numbers, hurrying, hurrying, up the Valley of One, and on to the House, the School Room, and the Field. He was at the foot of the Pass,—and over the Pass into Five. The mountain shone above him with its clear silvery cross, and a girl in gingham was waiting among the pines. He spoke.

"It seems more than sixty months. It seems as many years as days—eighteen hundred and twenty-five years."

James Grafton Rogers.

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AGESILAUS AT AULIS.

"For his own part, he intended to go and sacrifice at Aulis, as Agamemnon had done when he set out for Troy. But . . . the rulers of Boeotia . . . sent thither a party of horse who forbade his sacrificing any more and threw off from the altars the victims . . ."

—*Xenophon, Hellenics.*

"Yea, I was with the Spartan king.
Our trireme left the fleet
At Sunium, and to Aulis plied,
By sacrifice, from wind and tide
To claim a safeguard ere we tried
The Persian foe to meet.

"Hast seen the king? A puny man
And, like the Fire-god, lame,
Ill favored,—ever Sparta's jest,
'Yon splay-foot dreamer'; in his breast
Yet beat a heart no fear oppressed
Nor shafts of scorn o'ercame.

"On sands where Agamemnon built,
We heaped our altars high;
Our aim, like his, proud Asia's fall;
To Artemis, whose sacred hall
Was near at hand, we prayed that all
Might fare propitiously.

"Unheeded prayers! For, from the west
Where Thebes—thrice-cursed!—lay,
A thousand thundering horsemen came,
O'erturned our shrines, defiled the flame,
With jeers and cries, 'Beware the lame!'
Then, mocking, rode away.

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"The dust-clouds blew. Upon the sand
The victims reeked and smoked
'Mid ruined altars. On them gazed
Full long, the king, transfixed, amazed;
We dared not look, but all stood dazed
Nor even Zeus invoked.

"The embers paled. The king groaned low;
'Pride hath its price,' quoth he;
'Here Agamemnon paid the dole,
A daughter; here we purge our soul
With shame. Ours is the lighter toll,
Ours is the victory!'"

J. L. Houghteling, Jr.

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IN THE HORSERACE GULF.

WE had come three miles up stream from camp and all the way the fishing had been of the best. The trout were rising to the Parmacheenee;—so viciously that the last one had stripped the hook bare of feathers and left only a forlorn body of yellow and red silk threads. I had caught enough for one day, so I unjointed my rod and sat down to wait for the guide who was behind. Above the quiet, sun-dappled pool, the river roared down from the Horserace Gulf, bursting free, lacerated and angry, with a final thundering plunge. Over the crest of the fall I could see the black cliffs rising sheer. To fish the Horserace Gulf one would have to drop a three hundred foot line over the edge of a precipice. I smoked awhile, watching the water swing by, burdened with clots of brown foam, and then started to gather dry fire-wood.

George shouted as I was opening my knife to strip bark from a great birch that overhung the rocky beach. He waded up and displayed a two-pounder.

"Much obleeged to yer for leavin' him," said he.

I had had the advantage of fishing ahead and acknowledged the point in silence.

"He'll make a meal for the two of us," I said, and turned the point of my knife to the birch bark. George watched me a moment, then suddenly strode forward and put a hand on my arm.

"Look here," he said.

I stopped cutting and looked. The tree-trunk was scored with four black welts from which the bark drew back with dead edges. They formed a cross. Then I understood.

"Let's go back a piece before we git dinner," said George.

I picked up my rod and followed him. When we had finished eating and the frying pan had been scoured in wet sand, George sat down and lit his pipe. I saw that he was in a mood for talking, which was certain evidence that he was unusually disturbed.

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"There are seventeen of them river-drivers' graves along the Horserace," said he. "I knew this one."

"How could they bury him there?" The river bank was mostly solid ledge.

"They didn't bury him nowheres," said George.

I saw that he would tell me, and kept silent.

"His name was Sawyer, Martin Sawyer. He was born and growed up down Enfield way. He warn't more'n twenty, and as likely a young one as I ever see. I'd been cuttin' with a loggin' crew back here on Old Chief Mountain all winter and when the boss hired the river-drivers in the spring Martin showed up with them. He acted kinder queer from the first. He did his work all right, but come night time he'd lie in his bunk and sulk, and French Joe's old fiddle seemed to rile him. He never jined in with the boys at all."

George picked up a pebble and jerked it viciously into the stream. A trout leapt at the splash.

"Fact was he was all broke up over a girl. It seems he had been keeping company with her for a long time and there warn't no doubt but what she loved him all right enough. But she was girl enough to enjoy makin' Martin a little uneasy and when Zeke Eddy came to stop for a while in the village and took a shine to her, she didn't do a great sight to discourage him. Zeke was a bad one; Martin knew it and everybody else knew it except the girl as usual. Martin stood it as long as he could and when he let it out I callate it came hard and fast. Anyway the girl answered back and each one made it a little worse every time they spoke. So Martin finally told her to take her choice, and she said she didn't see that he had the call to boss her in the matter, and he thanked her polite and said in that case he'd take a job on the drives and she could think it over while he was gone. I've been just such a fool myself.

"When the boys come to know about it there warn't much peace in the camp fer Martin. He took their tormentin' well till some one would go just a mite too far and then he'd set

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up in his bunk and look at him. Nobody wanted to get into the kind of trouble they could see comin' in his eyes them times, so they'd let up plaguin' him for the night. But when the foreman of the drivin' crew got in front of a log rollin' down the landin' and we heard that Zeke Eddy was comin' in to take his place, everybody kept shut up and quiet like. It seemed as if there'd have ter be trouble. Martin pretended not to notice and minded his business, and when Zeke came in he didn't act a bit different. But you could feel the hatred between them two and it hung over the camp and made the boys uneasy.

"We was puttin' the logs in five miles up the dead water behind the dam at the head of the Horserace Gulf. They was big timber, I callate they'd scale eleven hundred on the average; pine and some spruce. The ice went out early that year, along in the last of April, and we rafted the timber down ter the dam easy enough. There was a good pitch of water and so Zeke ordered the gates up and we began sluicin' the logs down the Gulf. We was lucky enough ter get half of 'em through without any trouble, so we began lettin' 'em go pretty fast and careless. It was about ten in the mornin' and the logs was goin' over the sluice like a big flock of sheep through a gate, when up comes Martin on the run, yellin' out that they was jammin' a couple of miles down. Zeke began cussin' him for what warn't nobody's fault and knocked the props out from under the gates in no time. It was lucky them gates was weighted with stone-cribs or they'd never have come down against the head of water that was runnin' that day.

"The logs was jammed plumb in the narrerest and deepest and cussedest place in the Gulf. The cliffs was so close together that you could chuck an ax across. The river had worked in under and was half choked up with ragged chunks where the frost had cracked 'em off. The ledges was all split up and old lookin'. Yer could look down on top of the jam and all yer could see was a hedge of logs all up-ended like toothpicks in a glass and the river whorlin' and bilin' behind 'em.

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"Zeke swore some more and sent a man back ter the wangan for some dynamite and a rope and tackle. Then, 'sted of takin' the job like a boss oughter, he says that one of the boys had got ter go down an' lay the blast. No one was dead anxious enough ter take the chance ter stand out and offer, so Zeke lets his eye fall on Martin and says, 'There's a man who don't dast.'

"The boys was mad, you bet, but Martin he just smiles contemptuous-like and spits out into the Gulf.

" 'Give me enough dynamite and I'll fix it all right,' says he.

"Zeke laughs like it was a joke and hands his watch to one of the boys.

" 'Take that up ter the dam and set Murphy's by it,' he says, 'and tell him ter open the gates at half-past three. We'll touch her off then.'

"We slung the tackle around a tree and ran the pulley out to the edge of the cliff. Then six of us got hold of the rope ter pay it out. Martin took an ax and half a dozen sticks of dynamite, which was more'n enough. It was after three when we let him down, so he hadn't any too much time. Zeke made it his business to see that the pulley ran all right and I remember thinkin' it was kinder queer his takin' so much care when by his looks he'd have liked to have seen Martin underneath the jam. We began ter get impatient before Martin signalled ter be pulled up. It was after half past three when he did, and the water might be along any minute. It wouldn't take an eight foot head of water long ter travel two miles. He didn't have any great length of fuse with him neither, so when Zeke hollered ter pull we near yanked our arms out. Zeke was easin' the rope over the pulley and we had Martin comin' up hand over fist.

"Now I don't make no charges, you understand. All I know is that, first thing we knew the pulley stuck. There warn't time ter do nothin' but pull and by God we pulled. That rope wouldn't give a hair. Zeke was fumblin' with the pulley and yellin' it would be all right in a minute.

"We felt the cliff shake before we heard the blast. You

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could tell there was two of them, like the barrels of a gun fired close together. Martin hadn't used all the cartridges and had kept some in his pockets. We heard the water slap against the rock and the tearin' and bangin' of the logs as they fell back. The rope swung out taught and fell back danglin'. Zeke straightened up and his face was as white as a birch. We was still hangin' ter the rope and no one said a word. We just looked at Zeke. All of a sudden he began to grin. His lips drew back and showed his teeth, but it was only his mouth that was smilin', his eyes was bulgin' and fogged over like a dead man's. We was still pullin' on the caught rope and Zeke was grinnin' and starin'. Then I noticed the trees across the gorge in line with Zeke's eyes seemed ter be movin' up slowly, like the mercury in a thermometer, and then they began ter go faster. The man in front of me on the rope screamed—he was a Frencher from Canada—and jumped back and I saw the ledge where he'd stood had dropped a foot. Then the whole edge of the cliff rolled up like a lazy trout and slid down without hurryin'. Zeke just stood still and grinned. When we found our legs we turned round and ran from that cliff like hounds. I got my nerve back after I'd gone a ways and went back ter look. The water had come from the dam and was rippin' and grindin' the logs through the Gulf. The edge of the cliff was split off for twenty feet. Martin must have been quite a ways up when the dynamite on him went off and them cliffs was all slaty and split up any way. I went back ter camp, and the men came in one at a time and lay down without sayin' a word.

"The tote team had come in and a letter was lyin' on Martin's bunk. It was the first mail he'd got since he'd been in the woods."

George picked up a piece of bark and silently tore strips from it, one after another. A breeze came down stream and I heard the monotonous throbbing of the rapids in the Gulf.

"One of the Frenchers was boomin' the logs down on the lake the next day. He saw something shinin' on one of

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'em, and bein' curious by nature, drove his pick pole in it and drew it in. The shiny thing was a locket with a couple of inches of string tied to it. It was driven inter the wood so far that he had ter whittle it out. We sent it and the letter to the girl."

George had risen and was carefully knocking the dead ashes from his pipe. He looked at the sun.

"It's time we was startin' back ter camp," he said.

E. S. Paine.

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THE OUT-HERODING OF "HEROD."

IN a country where the "Great American Novel" is the subject of so much diligent search and speculation, we are not slow to recognize the rise of all literary and dramatic talent. Throughout the land there is a readiness, even an eagerness, to welcome the signs of genius in such spheres, which argues well for the future of our letters and our stage.

Foremost among the aspirants for public honors ranks Mr. Stephen Phillips, whose recent contributions to poetry and the drama have won for him a deservedly large portion of a reward which is not lightly given. The power of dramatic conception and the poetic temperament, which are, in him, so happily combined, give promise of a latent strength still undeveloped. He has not as yet given the public much from his pen, but with our eye upon what he has already written we may well feel optimistic as regards the poetry of the future. Yet there are many unbelievers who, comparing Mr. Phillips' two late plays, find in "Ulysses" a retrogression from the heights before attained in "Herod." From the point of view of stage adaptability their claims may have some ground, but viewed as dramatic poetry there can be little doubt that the latest product of his pen marks a most decided advance over its predecessor.

In fundamental form the two are much alike. There is in both plays that underlying note of Destiny, all-ruling and all-powerful, which was sounded when the first Greek drama was produced. Through both plays, too, runs the silken thread of love-interest, which has held the world's attention in literature and in life since the world began. But here the likeness ceases. The theme of the return of Herod, teeming with the power of a vast realm after his conciliation with Cæsar, bears no more resemblance to the journey of Ulysses hastening to protect the honor of his home, than does the triumph of Nero to the home-coming of Martin Luther. In "Herod," we view the slow but certain downfall of a weak

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ruler whose jealousy and greed for power drive him to insanity; in "Ulysses" we rejoice at the successful return of a brave adventurer, who passes through the fire of temptation, but remains worthy of the good fortune which his favoring divinity at last bestows.

In plot, the earlier tragedy is perhaps more unified, but the successful and coherent treatment of the theme of Homer's "Odyssey" in three acts, as in "Ulysses," is a feat of which the writer may well feel proud. It is in his selection of the dramatic points of the great epic that the instinct of the playwright has guided Mr. Phillips so unfalteringly, showing a power of construction to whose stature several cubits have been added since "Herod" was conceived. It is in his description and narration, as exampled in Ulysses' longing for home and kindred, that the imagery of the poet has expanded in the interim. To see this growth of power compare the final movements of the dramas. In the description of Herod's approaching doom, delayed alone by his ignorance of Mariamne's death, much force is lost by too much length. We know the end, and are impatient for its consummation. Our interest in the revelation of Ulysses' identity, on the other hand, is kept at concert-pitch throughout the scene. We know the end, but we do not grudge a moment of the time which passes before Athene's sign is given. In "Herod," opportunities are sometimes unappreciated; in "Ulysses," they are always used to great advantage.

No less important than the plot itself, are the characters by means of which it is interpreted. A play or a dramatic poem, in order to be great, must have great characters, or, rather, characters depicted with great skill. By such measure, "Herod" and "Ulysses" both are great. We cannot, if we would, forget that the Jewish king, in all his glory, is still the murderer of an innocent boy. Hear his endeavor to make amends, after young Aristobulus has been slain:—

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"Mariamne, there's no help—we can but give
Honour, and he in such magnificence
Shall lie—Mariamne, hear you?—that his tomb
Shall with its golden glory bear strange sails.
Will you not turn ever so little? There
Aloe and cinnamon and cassia balm
Shall breathe, and mighty poets will I charge
To make their verse in funeral thunders roll,
Or wail as women or wind out of the sea."

Can we feel enthusiasm for such a character? We rather scorn the lack of insight of the man who thought so to appease a woman's broken heart. Of course it is no proof to say that the play whose hero we prefer is the greater play, but put "Ulysses" to the test, and see whether the writer's skill has not advanced.

From the court-yard of the Palace of Ithaca, where the first scene is laid, we are wafted gently on the breeze until we reach the distant shores of Calypso's Island. Here the wanderer's ships are beached, while he himself lies helpless under the spell the Nymph has cast upon him. But Hermes, wishing perhaps to judge Ulysses' strength of mind, removes the charm, and gives him a fair chance to make or mar his life. Once free from the dread spell, the hero does not hesitate. His answer to the temptress rings strong and clear upon the languorous air:—

"Then have the truth;
I speak as a man speaks;
Pour out my heart like treasure at your feet.
This odorous amorous isle of violets,
* * * * * * *
Palls on my heart. Ah, God! that I might see
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,
You lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing crags,
The screaming guil and the wild-flying cloud:—
To see far off the smoke of my own hearth
To see far out the glebe of my own farms,
To spring alive upon her precipices,
And hurl the singing spear into the air;"

Calypso, Nymph of Ogygia, your power is gone! No longer will the mighty Ulysses lie enthralled, succumbing to the

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allurements you practice with such skill. We rejoice in his release and in his answer—for it is the answer of a strong man, filled to the depths with a great love of that rocky country, whose stern coast-line was so symbolical of himself. Hard, rugged, uncompromising, yet feeling a great longing for his home, there comes from his heart the cry,

"There, there to be, there only, there at last!"

But if you are still doubtful of the advance "Ulysses" marks, take Cypros and Anticleia, the mothers of the kings. In Cypros we watch the course of an all-consuming jealousy of Mariamne, Herod's wife, who has usurped the highest place in his affection. When we view the mother, the explanation of all that is base and cruel in the son is no longer hidden. Listen to her speaking to Salome—

"He is now
Wrought to the very mood when we can use him
To strike at Mariamne. We must not
Suffer him now to cool."

A mother *using* her son! Cruel though he was, we pity him.

But what of Anticleia? To find her we must follow Ulysses to the Land of Death. As, in the semi-darkness, we warily creep down the precipitous descent, we see two blurred figures far across the Stygian stream. They are those of Ulysses and Hermes. Growing bolder as the strangeness of the scene wears off, we follow on, surrounded ever by the phantoms of the men and women of other days. Charon, grim and silent, pilots us across the stream and we press on, on past the woes of Tantalus and Sisyphus to where Prometheus is suffering. And just beyond we see the object of our search. With a cry of "Mother!" Ulysses has darted forward, his arms outstretched, to clasp within them that beloved form. Remember Herod's mother, and hear Anticleia speak:—

"Thou canst not touch me, child. I cannot fold thee
For all my yearning. O to have thy head
Again upon this bosom!"

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The mother and the son are there together, yet the gulf of death is yawning wide between them. Can you find such pathos in the earlier poem?

Nor is there in all "Herod" that skill of delineation which so delights us in the picture of Calypso. She is the Giantess Despair, past whose Doubting Castle our Christian has to wend his way. We must, perforce, feel hostility towards the enchantress whose "glimmering witchery" casts such a spell upon a man of strength, but the feeling is almost lost in the admiration which her life-likeness wins from us. Ignorant of the change which Hermes' caduceus-touch has wrought, yet knowing something to be wrong, she beseeches—

> "Tell me the reason of this haste to go.
> 'Tis she, I know; I want no words to tell me.
> But is it she?"

Intensely feminine, unqualifiedly true to life.

So there are many passages in "Ulysses" which stand forth clear and distinct upon the horizon of our fancy. But none is more strongly outlined there than Penelope's rejection of the suitors. Heart-broken at Ulysses' apparent death, and importuned by those who seek to take his place, she despairingly promises to give them each an answer. Can you not see them start with surprise as in clear, firm accents this woman whom they have mercilessly harried, scourges them each with words of scorn? To the last suitor, the insolent and handsome Antinous, she replies—

> "Splendid Antinous, I tell thee this;
> That if my husband on this moment came
> In by that door even as yon beggar man,
> So bowed, so worn, so ragged and so fallen,
> Him would I rather catch unto this heart
> And hold his holy ruins in my arms,
> Than touch thee in thy glory and thy strength."

Exhausted by the nervous strain of the scene which follows, yet triumphant in the joy of her lord's return, Penelope, womanlike, is on the point of breaking down. Then comes

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that tense moment of dead silence in which Ulysses folds her in his arms—it is an epic moment in an epic drama. The poem closes with the last lines of the minstrel's song. Do you remember? The player sings—

> "And she shall fall upon his breast
> With never a spoken word,"

and the fire, smoldering upon the hearth, leaps to a sudden brightness.

The theme of "Herod" is not universally well known; the theme of "Ulysses" is a fireside story in many thousand homes. Yet familiarity here breeds no contempt. If such treatment of a well-known theme were more familiar, the standard of literature would be far higher than it is to-day. Those who have read "Ulysses" have seen the latest consummation of a rising poet's powers of story-telling and picturing; they have read a poem of greater scope and skill than any he has yet produced—they have witnessed the out-Herod-ing of "Herod."

W. K. VanReypen, Jr.

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THE WHITE WOLF.

"IT'S incredible," I muttered, tossing aside the little gray book of folk-tales.

"What?" inquired my host, absently, as he sent another wreath of smoke circling towards the heavy oak rafters.

"Why, that a sane, shrewd, hard-headed Scotchman should swallow such old-wives' tales," I snorted, testily indicating the objectionable volume with a contemptuous sweep of my pipe-stem.

"It's a curious country," he said, slowly gazing through the dusk at the vague moors, "and strange things happen here sometimes. I had a rather peculiar experience myself once. You probably won't believe it, but chuck another log on the fire and I'll give you the tale."

He puffed meditatively for a few moments. Then "Did you ever hear of Jack Benton? No? Well, ten years is a long time for a man's memory to live. He was one of the most promising young writers I ever came across. Why, at twenty-three he had made his mark several times over, and there's no knowing what he might not have done when," he puffed savagely, "a dashed bit of pink and white not nearly good enough for him threw him over—and I brought him up here to fit the pieces of his world together again. I was fond of the boy, and it made my heart bleed to see him moping forlornly about the house, or tramping restlessly over heather and through gorse, his rifle over his arm. He never shot anything, never tried to, I think, except once. Then the faint crack brought Dr. McPherson and me to our feet with the same awful apprehension, not lessened when Jock and Boris slunk in, cowed and shivering, every hair abristle, the lather of a long run not yet dry on their flanks. But before we had gone far Jack hailed us with a shout.

"I say," he called, "is there any game about here beside deer and hares? anything like wolves, for instance?"

"Not that I know of." I smiled. "Wasn't it one of those big hares?"

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"Too big for a hare, and not the right shape; it was like a great wolf, only much too light. I only caught a glimpse of it, but the dogs started for home at top speed, as if they'd been whipped."

The incident had broken through his apathy, and all the evening he rattled on about his curious beast, until the Doctor and I were as eager as he for the hunt next morning. Not so the dogs. Neither coaxings nor threats could drive them from the kennels, where they crouched, growling in their throats and howling mournfully at intervals.

All morning the Doctor and I beat bush and covert in vain, but lunch had been long cold before Jack came in.

"I've seen it," he announced, triumphantly, as he sank into a chair, "but I'm still in the dark as to what the beast is. It turned up at about the same place, led me the deuce of a chase, and finally disappeared absolutely in a wild hollow at the edge of a vast black marsh. It was positively uncanny. I couldn't find a trace of it, and they hadn't seen it at all in the cottage nearby where I stopped for a bite to eat."

"Cottage!" I scoffed, "you're dreaming or the sun was too hot for you. Man, there's not so much as a hut within thirty miles of here. I'll lay you twenty pounds on it."

"Done," he cried, "and ten more that there's a prettier girl in it than you ever saw in your life."

He lost, of course. Laid it to the monotonous sameness of the moors and was furiously angry when we flatly affirmed that it was all his imagination. Said he'd prove his tale before the month was out. Poor Jack!

That was the last we heard of the white wolf for two weeks—weeks that did wonders for Jack. All his old gaiety and light-hearted brilliance seemed to come back to him, the stronger for their short absence, and I was beginning to plume myself upon a perfect cure when one afternoon he burst in upon the Doctor and me over our bezique, waving a telegram.

"Pardon me for intruding upon your game, gentlemen," he laughed, his eyes dancing, "but I thought it might interest

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you to know that I am to be married this evening. I wired to Father Phipps at Cray, and he will be here at eight o'clock."

I suppose we looked our amazement, for he burst into a roar of laughter.

"And what's more, she's the lady of the cottage that you don't believe in," he added, gleefully.

"The devil! Have you seen it again?" gasped Dr. McPherson.

"Every day," replied Jack, simply. "You see I was bound to get the pelt of that white wolf to prove my tale. He doesn't seem to change his ground much; I can always sight him, and he makes straight for that bog and vanishes without once getting in range, the wary old codger. Naturally I got to stopping at the cottage. You won't wonder why when you see her. And then I looked for the wolf as for an old friend, a guide to my Paradise."

"You are mad!" I cried.

"Perhaps, but it's a most attractive madness. I shall be back with my bride in two hours. Good-bye!"

With a light laugh he ran out of the room, leaving us staring blankly at each other across the scattered cards.

"He is mad," said the Doctor, slowly, "mad from brooding over his disappointment." I said nothing, but thoughts of the old folk-tales ran through my head till my hair stirred. Was it possible—"Let us follow," I cried, and we ran out into the dusk.

The next two hours were like a long, bad dream. I remember stumbling blindly along, slipping over stones, falling sometimes, in my haste to prevent—I knew not what. Things horrible, vague, grotesque, clutched at my heart; rocks and bushes took on weird shapes, and the echoes of my shouts sounded like a mocking chorus of devils. We saw nothing of Jack.

Suddenly there cut through the night a shriek, so horrid, so appalling with its concentrated longing, despair, and terror that I shrank back, quivering as from a blow. As we rushed forward I seemed to catch a glimpse of a white shape

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disappearing behind a rocky cairn and a mocking howl drifted back to us. In a flash I knew the scene, this wild, rock-strewn hollow, with the black, grisly bog stretching away before us. It was here Jack had led us in search of the cottage.

"Good God!" the Doctor whimpered, "do you see that?"

From the dark jumble of rocks below us a gray, twisted face gazed blindly up through the moonlight, and at the sight I turned sick, physically sick, for in those staring eyes spoke fear and horror beyond the telling."

J. S. Newberry.

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NOTABILIA.

The Prom. issue of the *Record,* with its verses—sadly true if in somewhat questionable taste—on the expense of the Promenade, the usual chorus of "knocking" on the height of the bidding for Prom. Concert seats, the February dodging of creditors,—all these are trivial indications, but they show with great exactness our appreciation of the excessive expense of the Promenade.

We are safe in saying that the man who brings one girl to the Prom. and does it for less than one hundred dollars, is lucky. We believe the average cost to be much above that. Obviously, it is impossible to obtain exact figures, but while some men spend a hundred dollars, or less, it must be remembered that many spend much more.

The man who estimated that for every hour he spent in the company of his particular Prom. girl, he also spent six dollars, is a humorous figure enough, but that in no way lessens the absurdity and viciousness of this custom of impoverishing ourselves for six months by three days of Promenade. For it is entirely unnecessary to carry the expense to the present lengths. "To do the thing right" is, of course, an entirely natural and very creditable desire. It is by no means our intention to decry "doing the thing right," but we do not consider that a barbaric display of two square feet of violets, nor yet the hiring of a house for the Promenade and stocking it with a chef, butler, three maids, and other trifles, come under that head. They are exactly the *over*doing of the Prom. which is vicious. And they are in such poor taste as to deserve the stigma of vulgarity.

An unpleasant outgrowth of this state of affairs is the feeling—not altogether borne out by facts, yet existing and with some basis in fact,—that the Prom. is, more or less, exclusively, an affair for the wealthier man. In illustration of this, notice the sentence in the *News* which occurs in the Glee Club statement about the Prom. Concert: "The bulk of the money comes from those who pay, and can afford to pay,

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a premium for really choice seats." Suppose such a remark were made about the allotment of football seats! Of course a football game and the Prom. are radically different, but has this spirit a better right to exist in the case of the one than of the other? It is exactly this spirit which is entirely antagonistic to the general spirit of equality and—alas that I must use so hackneyed a word—democracy, at Yale.

In general the recent Prom. Committees are not to be blamed for this state of things. It is noteworthy that last year's committee put an end to the extravagant system of bidding for boxes. This year's Committee has, by buying ouright lumber for use at the Armory, made the beginning of a sinking fund which it should be possible to develop, under reasonable safeguards, until the need of taxing each class for a Prom. surplus is obviated. In future the unfortunate system of leaving the debts of Freshman organizations to burden this surplus will probably be entirely done away with by closer supervision of Freshman finances by the Yale Financial Union. However, this year's Committee must plan to pay over six hundred dollars of such debts. The Glee Club Management is as yet unable to develop a plan for allotting seats at the Prom. Concert for a fixed price. The system of bidding is essentially unfair, however, to poorer men. Certainly the possibility of a recurrence of last year's conditions, when over two hundred seats were sold at prices of nine and ten dollars apiece, should be done away with, possibly by the plan of refunding excessive bids.

But, for the most part, not the Glee Club Management nor yet the Prom. Committees, but the individual, is responsible for the extreme expense. And the cure for this social racing, if cure there be, must come chiefly from the individual. His seeing the essential vulgarity, and also, let us hope, the foolishness, of excessive expense, is the chief remedy—a remedy which can not be found, unfortunately, except in the growth of a saner undergraduate sentiment.

* * * *

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In connection with the recent forming of the City Government Club is it interesting to read the Hon. Andrew D. White's address at the last Commencement, which is published in the *Alumni Weekly* of July fifteenth. He there advocated for Yale largely endowed chairs of comparative legislation and comparative administration—courses to prepare men for an enlightened discharge of the duties of citizenship. In the absence of any such courses which reach a large number of men, the City Government Club proposes a move to fill the gap, in some measure, at least. It is to bring to New Haven men of large experience in municipal government and of as diverse creeds as Tammany and the Citizens' Union. Not the members of the Club only, but all members of the University and all citizens of New Haven who are so inclined, will be given the chance to hear their addresses. Of course these can not be as beneficial as regular instruction in these lines, but they are a long step in the right direction. And by "right direction" is meant preparation for acting intelligently in one's capacity as a citizen.

* * * *

The competition from the Junior class for positions on the LIT. Board ends with this number. The election of the 1905 Board will be held by the Junior class on February nineteenth. It is scarcely necessary to say that this is an election which should not be influenced in the slightest by the popularity of the candidates, that no man should vote at the dictation of his personal likes and dislikes. Each should make his own decision according to the relative number, character, and quality of the accepted articles of the contestants, and vote accordingly.

* * * *

We wish to remind members of the Senior class that the competition for **X. Δ. Θ.** ends with the March number of the LIT.

A. G.

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PORTFOLIO.

THE WEST WIND.

——The Painter strode along, swinging his arms and whistling. Then there came a time when mere whistling no longer gave outlet to the surge of life which was in him, and he threw back his head and sang. It was a song with no more rhyme or tune than those the great west wind shouted as it hurried on over head or swept boisterously through the quickened branches, a song with no words, and no reason but the glad strength of spring. And then he saw a woman on the crest of the hill before him, standing tiptoe on the edge of emptiness. "Jove, what a picture," was his first thought, and then the need of companionship swept over him—the primeval mating call of spring. He hurried on, sure that she, too, felt the call, and that when they met there would be no need for the formalities of civilization. And so it was, for when he overtook her, and smiled down, she met his look as naturally as would a child.

"I saw you on the hill-top," said he.

"I heard you singing," was her answer.

"And the wind fairly blew us together—isn't it glorious," he said, and then "I'm a painter and I came here to get away from the paint and the canvas of the little make-believe world, and to get where things are big and real."

"I am a governess," she said; "the children went on a visit to their aunt"—

"And you came here to get rested—the brats do get tiresome—but you'll like 'em all again when you go back. . . . My name's Dick," he added, falling back to his boyhood's way of completing an acquaintance.

"Mine's Mary,—Mary Johnston."

"I'm going to call you Molly," he said, and they both laughed like the children they had again become.

"Come along—come along, Molly," he cried gaily, for they had unconsciously stopped, "I can't stand still to-day, and besides," he added with a touch of tenderness, "you might catch cold."

"All right—Dick," she said, and they tramped on together chatting like old friends except when he broke into that strange wordless song of his, and then she was silent.

"It's queer," she said, after they had walked thus for a long

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time, "but I feel as if it weren't now at all, but long ago—years and years."

"I feel the same way, as if I'd shaken centuries off. I feel as if I could load you down with a week's provisions," he said, derisively balancing his lunch box and hers in one hand, "and several stone bowls and then bluster at you if you didn't keep up."

Again they laughed together.

"Let's have lunch—I'm hungry," he said; so they sat down in the lee of an outcropping ledge and spread out their stores.

"I'll trade one of my sandwiches for a piece of your cake," he laughed, and then he ate it all because she said that after his sandwich and hers she could eat no more.

"That's good cake," he cried, finishing the last crumb.

"I made it," she said, infinitely glad that he should praise any thing of hers, and when he lit his pipe and leaned back against the rock she told him of her prim little life, and he listened, careless of what was said, but glad that there was some one near.

"We must start back," he said, finally dropping his pipe into his pocket, and again they tramped on together, he as before, gay and laughing, but she with a dull little longing that would some day grow to be a pain. They breasted the hill where they had met in the morning, and from which they could see the small ugly station.

"Which way do you go?" she asked, pointing to it.

"I go back west—and you?"

"East," she answered, so softly he could hardly hear.

E. Vine Stoddard, Jr.

AS TO CONTENTMENT.

——Our modest dinner had been perfect, and my cigar was just right. As I lay back in my chair and puffed great circling rings of smoke into nowhere, I felt contented. And I said so.

"My dear fellow," remonstrated the Cynic, "please don't say that. There is really no such thing, you know, as true contentment. It's the trying after it that is all of life; but you can never get there. I don't know that you really want to; it would be so sickeningly sweet, like saccharine, you know, that's bitter it's so sweet. I used to have an idea that content was possible, but those days of folly are passed.

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"I met a man on the street once, who was not clean, nor shaven, nor did he look reputable or prosperous in any way; and he asked me for a nickel. I gave him a quarter, by mistake, and he walked a block with me, to the next saloon, and spoke of the bitterness of life. He didn't believe in content, not, he asserted, except in drink, and then one was contented only because he didn't know that he wasn't. 'An' I orter know,' he said. 'I don't work much,' he said, 'I like loafin' an' likker, an' such like things. But I went ter sea oncet, an' I'll never forget it. We wuz in harbor one day, in some islan's some'eres or uther way off some'eres, an' they wuz workin' us like dogs agittin' the cargo in. An' I got tired mos' ter death, an' I sneaked off inter the cutter they had tied ter the stern, an' went ter sleep. Well byembye I hears an awful racket, an' there wuz the Cap'n, acussin' somethin' awful as he pulled me in. Well I wuz skeered, the Cap'n wuz an awful rough man, an' I got skeered. I jus' slipped the painter an' let her rip. The tides an' the currents 'round there is somethin' fierce, an' I wuz out of the harbor an' a mile from shore, 'fore I could begin ter try ter think. Well, pretty soon that there current jus' whanged the ol' cutter up 'gainst a coral reef, an' everlastin'ly hung her up there, an' I had ter swim nearly a hundred yards ter the main reef, an' I never did like ter swim. But good Lord, that wuz a fine islan', 't wuz a fine an' dandy islan' fer sure. The sun wuz shinin' all the time, an' the san's wuz nice an' warm, an' there wuzn't no work, nothin' ter do but ter sleep, an' loaf, an' eat. An' the eatin's—let me tell yer. The fruit wuz fallin' that fas' that I could shet my eyes an' think it wuz a heavy rain. Well, I says ter me, well yer've struck it right this time. This is the time yer ran right up 'gainst content. So I turned over an' went ter sleep. When I woke up 't wuz mornin', an' the sun wuz bright agin as can be, an' I thought I'd foun' Paradise fer sure. An' I reached out my han' an' grabbed a big bunch o' bananas, an' I reached out my uther han' an' grabbed 'bout seventy more bananas. So then I sat up an' looked 'round. Well there wuzn't anuther thing ter eat on that damn islan' but bananas—an' I never could eat a banana. Content? There ain't no such thing. They saw the smoke o' my pipe from the ship that day, an' they come an' took me off, an' the Cap'n took my hide off later. Oh, 't wuz awful—Say Mister, could yer let me hev anuther quarter, an' I can get a bed with this?'

"I gave it to him," added the Cynic, "with a glad heart.

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Content is not, I had decided, and here was a fellow-sufferer, who, too, had found it out."

"But," I interrupted, for I am an ardent optimist. "But," I repeated, and became acutely conscious that I had eaten too much. "But," I concluded weakly, "let's go home." And we went.

J. N. Greely.

A SEA STORY.

——Swish! and like a flash a fine young fish swam by. One could have told from the joy in his face that he must be going a-wooing. What cared he that the blue crabs crawled lazily over the bright sands, except that one just scuttled from out of his way? What difference that the squirmy eel was comfortably snoozing amid the waving sea grass? He was away with a heart full of love and to-day he would tell his love to the fairest fish in the sea. 'Twas but yesterday he had commenced a fervent avowal, but an ugly old catfish had come along at just the wrong moment and driven the words from his head. But to-day he would meet her in a lonely grot—and here he was.

Yes, and waiting demurely was a maiden fish, all clothed in the sweetest of dresses. "And so you have come," she said. "Ah, but I'm glad." So there, they two were happy, and tho' I know not all they said, I saw that they came forth fin in fin and straightway sped to the church of Saint Bass. And then there was great joy mid the waves. For all the fishes of those waters came to the wedding to see the pretty bride. And the little minnows ushered them all to the church. Then Father Lobster, in his sea-green robes, fringed with scarlet, made these two lovers one. And they went forth together, he so proud, and she full of faith and love. Suddenly there was a great noise overhead and they all fled terrified, and these two fled together. As they swam they were caught, side by side, in harsh meshes so that the more they struggled the more surely were they bound. Then they were dragged through the water ever up and up until at last they gasped for breath. Then with a mighty effort he broke loose, and falling into the water, swam away into the emerald depths without once turning to look at his bride. And she wept bitterly, with great salt tears ever falling into the water, until at last, with her little heart broken, she died. And to-day if you will go to the great ocean and taste it, you will find the salt, so that you may know that this story is true.

S. M. Harrington.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Junior Promenade

Was held in the Second Regiment Armory on January 19. E. P. Rogers, 1905, was Chairman of the Committee and F. W. Day, 1905, Floor Manager.

The Senior Class

On January 27, elected its Promenade Committee as follows: William Ledyard Mitchell, Chairman; David Boies, Nelson Stuart Campbell, Edward Chappell Ely, Harry Thomas Hamilton, Arthur Havemeyer, George Sharp Munson, William Burr Soper, Henry Hamlin Stebbins.

At a Mass Meeting of the University

Held January 27, the officers of the University Football Association were elected as follows: President, Edward Elbridge Spalding, 1905; Vice President, Max Howell Behr, 1905 S.; Assistant Manager, Edwin White, 1906; Secretary, Donald Ashbrook McGee.

The Yale City Government Club

An organization formed to interest undergraduates in the problems of civil government, was permanently organized February 1.

The Management of the University Navy

On February 6, announced coaching appointments for the ensuing season: C. E. Adams, 1904, Head Coach; Mr. Julian W. Curtiss, 1879, Advisory Coach.

The Yale Dining Club

Was organized on February 8, A. H. Olmsted, 1904, being elected President.

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Hockey Score

January 16—Yale 5, Columbia 2.

Basketball Scores

January 22—Yale 16, Princeton 10.
29—Yale 14, Pennsylvania 12.
February 8—Yale 7, Columbia 16.

In Memoriam

Hon. Francis Wayland, of the Law School.
Edward Ellis Pierpont Roberts, 1904 S.
Arthur Riley Lyman, 1904 M.S.

C. S. G.

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BOOK NOTICES.

The God of His Fathers. By Jack London. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

London has been called the "Kipling of the North," but his method seems to us as far from Kipling's as the Yukon is from the Hoogli. Kipling has chosen for his background tropical India, mysterious with the impenetrable mystery of civilizations long defunct; London places his characters in the white wastes of the Arctic, where civilization has never existed, and his mystery is distinctly that of the wide untrodden plains of snow. This is not so much a difference of climate as it is of treatment, for one appeals to that attribute of the imagination that considers and runs riot among the things that have been, and the other stimulates that speculative foresight, no less a quality of the imagination, that looks anxiously into the unknown. But, beside the far greater difference of the characters dealt with, this difference of environment and treatment is negligable. London's men are either men with the bark on, or men in whom the polish of cultivation has been roughened by contact with hard conditions. Kipling has created very few uncomplicated or rough characters. There are the Three Musketeers, The Man Who Would be King, and one or two others, but the majority of his people are graduates of Sandhurst or the United Services Institute, officers in the army, or employed by the government in the construction or maintenance of public works. Except in the course of duty, and in the company of their kind, they do not come into contact with the elemental facts of life, or see the soul stripped naked by hardship for all men to see. They are, too, cast by the exigencies of their common service into somewhat similar moulds. London's characters comprise cowboys, clerks, criminals and college graduates, gathered by circumstances into one heterogeneous crowd, and depending for success more upon physical superiority than mental keenness. Barring a heritage of honor and idealism, and a somewhat higher regard for life and property rights, they are upon a plane with prehistoric man.

The first story in this collection, from which the book takes its name, is one of the best. The missionary, whose flesh is

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weak, denies his God and saves his life. The strong man of his hands, whose faith is a matter that has not troubled him over much in life, refuses to become apostate to the God he has hardly known, and goes down to death with a laugh on his lips. We admire a man whose courage in extremity remains firm; we love him who also laughs.

Mr. London has done much work that is good, and hardly any that is not interesting. These stories cannot be placed on the same plane with *The Call of the Wild,* but they are in every way excellent tales, and better worth writing than many short stories that somehow succeed in finding a publisher. G. C.

Ponkerpog Papers. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

This is a collection of items and observations from Mr. Aldrich's note book, together with a few random sketches of men and things and an essay on Robert Herrick. Because of his previous work, one is prepossessed in favor of anything new from this author, and this volume amply warrants such prepossession. The notes are full of a dry humor, that makes one smile a little, and say "I have thought this often myself"; of a little genial satire upon people and methods; and contain besides several plots for stories, not worked out. *Tom Folio* is the best of the sketches. This gentle, old-world man, follower and worshipper of Elia, draws to him our sympathies just as do John Tipp and the other old clerks of the *South Sea House* essay; just as does Lamb himself. In the same way, too, though perhaps not in so great a degree, Aldrich himself demands our affection, for in all his books he unintentionally exploits his own genial, kindly, pleasantly meditative and mildly witty character. G. C.

The Anglo-Saxon Century. By John R. Dos Passos. Geo. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

At a time when affairs in the Far East are assuming so serious an aspect as they now are, and when a war involving the powers of the world is a possible, if remote, consummation, a book of this sort deserves considerable attention. In it Mr. Dos Passos has recapitulated the reasons for an Anglo-Saxon

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alliance, and advances some new ones. He does not think that it should be an "offensive and defensive" alliance, but rather a close and definite bond of fellowship between England and the United States, cemented by common foreign policy, and making trade between the two nations as free as it now is between the States of the Union. He advocates what he calls "mutual citizenship"; that is, that an American citizen landing in England should, after establishing a residence, be permitted to enjoy all the rights and privileges of an English subject without further naturalization, and *vice versa*. He wishes the two nations to be parties to a confederacy without a central government.

Whether such a treaty is possible or not is a question into which we are unable to enter. It would be desirable if we could be certain that because of it the United States would not become embroiled in any continental quarrel, or bound down to preserve in Europe that indefinite and important balance of power. The principal reasons advanced by Mr. Dos Passos in favor of this confederacy are common blood and gratitude to England for her attitude in the Spanish War. But gratitude and blood are not sufficient. Interest also must be served, and it is a question if it would be by such an alliance. C. G.

We also wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following:

American Book Company, New York.

Poets of the South. By F. V. N. Painte.
A Latin Grammar. By Geo. M. Lane.
King Lear. Edited by W. J. Rolfe.
Colomba. By Prosper Merimee. Edited by H. P. Williamson.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

February is certainly a wonderful month. Scripture affirms that no man can add one cubit unto his stature; but that is just what February is doing now for the first time in eight years. Perhaps this is in special honor of such a very remarkable Class as 1904; perhaps it is merely a capricious whim, a part of that general caprice which has been playing such havoc with our weather lately. At any rate, we have no cause to complain of anything which protracts by even one brief day our fleeting sojourn in the happy sanctum of the Saint.

February is also St. Valentine's month. As "the evil that men do lives after them," so the heartfelt ravages of the Prom. survive its perishable splendor. Now it is that a certain rosy little heeler, whose articles are seldom rejected, is very busily plying his pen and hurrying to and fro "on the viewless couriers of the air." If you should ask him whether he were after an owl or a triangle, he would probably tell you that he was not heeling for a charm but for a charmer. The meaning whereof is known only to the initiated.

Further, February is the month of Washington's birthday; and, in spite of our reverence for our national paternal relative, we have sometimes felt that, in reducing February to twenty-eight days again next year, it would be better to leave out this day than the 29th. We are not thinking now of the broken windows which others broke and for which we paid, nor of the snow-ball that passing through said windows landed exactly on the summit of our head and with all its coolness could not cool our rising passions, nor of those gentle blasts of fresh and invigorating air that afterward gave us the grip. All these are "portable with other graces weighed"; but the rampant spirit of underclassmen on such occasions is not so excusable.

Indeed, in the midst of our sufferings, we have sometimes said that it was very thoughtless of Washington to be born at all; and the only excuse we can find for his conduct is that he committed the act before arriving at years of discretion.

But last and most important of all, February is the month of the LIT. election, and we hope that the Class of 1905 will take up this task in the serious spirit which it demands. As a position of respect, as a reward for hard work, and as an opportunity for influencing college life and literature, an editorship is something which should not be conferred without some reflection. We repeat what has so often been said before, that the question is, not how many articles a man has had accepted, but what is the absolute literary value *in toto* of his accepted work. With this final reminder we give the Saint leave of absence for another month.

F. E. P.

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